

The mails by the Africa were received here last night. Her dates are to the 11th inst.

Talk About the Trial, and Possible Fate of Jeff. Davis—English Opinion on That and Other Matters—The Withdrawal of the Recognition of the South as "Belligerent," and Acknowledgment of American Unity by the British Government—English Respect for Mr. Adams—The Impending General Election and its Characteristics—Condition of the Agricultural Laborer—A Terrible Pauperism—Suggestion—Birth of Princeling the Second—Railway Accidents—Death of Sir Joseph Paxton—Anecdote—Items.

From Our Special Correspondent.

LONDON, June 10, 1865.

What will you do with Jefferson Davis? That is still the most prominent question among American affairs here. I do not know that I can add anything to what I have already written on the subject, and to what you will find in the newspapers. Everywhere his possible condemnation and execution for the crime of treason, for should he be found guilty of complicity with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, nobody would venture to utter a word in his defense. He is a traitor, and a traitor he will be. Our enemies vote his death a forgone conclusion, our friends hope his conviction, reprieve and banishment. There is still a perverse and entirely unjust proclivity to hold President Johnson as personally responsible for the hypothetical execution, instead of the supreme law of the land, by which, if at all, Davis will hang; a disposition to regard our present Chief magistrate as vindictive, cruel and fanatical—all of which accusations were, as we know, leveled at Abraham Lincoln, during his lifetime. The ultra Tory and Anglo-Rebel press could hardly write prettier on the subject, if it expressly desired the death of the miserable ex-President, as most likely it does. *The Times*, after its first burst of abuse of the man, whose calm, dispassionate and statesmanlike utterances it used to extol, leans to the side of mercy. (This course of conduct is one of its cardinal principles in the practice of hanging, by which it has won the admiration of all canting-lying Britons, who praise it as "so very fair, you know.") *The Times's* Hunkey, Mr. Panch, too, has begun to snub Mr. Johnson; hence you may know the drift of popular sentiment. If Lee be arrested—and I, for one, think him quite as great a criminal as Davis—we may expect what Mrs. Quickly calls "old time" of abuse and recrimination. And much we ought to care about it! Lee, as the great bulwark of the extinct Confederacy, has always been an immense favorite here, vulgar admiration—by which I by no means refer to the admiration of the lower class of Englishmen—having elevated him to the pinnacle of ideal Southern chivalry whose hideous reality we may contemplate in the dungeons of the Libby Prison, Belle Isle and Andersonville. If the ex-General of the Rebel forces were to come hither, we should find him at the Army and Navy Club even more enthusiastically than we did the hang-dog looking Semmes, whose countenance is a patent receipt for ruffianism stamped by the hand of nature. That, however, would do very little harm compared to hanging him or Davis. "The very worst you can put a man to is to hang him," wrote John Wilkes; and certainly the worst you can make of a ruffianed enemy is to elevate him to the rank of a martyr.

The semi-weekly mail steamer has already brought you the letter of Earl Russell to the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty, shutting the British ports against Rebel cruisers—if any such exist at the present time; and ignoring the libelous claim made by a minority of Anglo-Rebels, who, accepting the latest cockle of the New York correspondent of *The Times* for gospel, believed that the war still existed in the shape of Kirby Smith and Texas, until today's mail put us in possession of the fact of the surrender of that person. Of course Meddams Gump and Harris of *The Herald* and *Standard*, raised their scullie shriek about Yankee intimidation, succumbing to the bullying of Secretary Seward and President Johnson, and demanded the impeachment of Earl Russell, but nobody minded them. Indeed, he is their *own* hero on all occasions. One could compile a biography of him out of their pages, out-darkening that of any criminal in the Newgate Calendar. Everybody on this side of the Atlantic knew that the Rebellion was squelched, and here, barring the items of Jeff. Davis, Lee, and the exceptions to the President's amnesty, folks have hastened to accept an amiable estimate of the universal Yankee nation quite edifying to witness. We are, now, not believed to have sent a standard-deliver message through Mr. Adams, apropos of the Alabama claims, though, a week ago, the oracular utterances of *The Owl*, quoted without comment by *The Times*, produced some thing like a panic among the unwise portion of the public, to be duly rebuked and allayed next morning. Jupiter-Jones acted, in this instance, like a funkier fellow than a stolen sausage with the knife-bait and then box his ears for performing it. Knowing now, in the words of *The Enquirer*, "that no new tone of impatience or pretension has been infused into the communications of the American Government since the death of Mr. Lincoln," the public is comparatively tranquil. In the meantime that ill-omened *Owl* keeps up its intermittent screeching.

Apropos of *The Enquirer*, I must quote its testimony to the worth of our excellent representative here, less on its own account than because it is, I verily believe, the estimate of every Englishman of average intelligence. You may take the paragraph as it stands, the whole being pertinent to the recent subject: "Confessedly the late President desired earnestly to keep peace with England. When he named Mr. Adams President-elect to our Court, he chose a man peculiarly suited to further that just and wise purpose. Mr. Adams was, for the most part, educated as we believe, in England, and his habits and ways of thought, harmonized essentially with the deliberate, methodical, and unexcitable disposition supposed to be the characteristic of English statesmanship. No man can be freer from boast or bombast, floridness or swagger, exaggeration or shallow enthusiasm, than the well-informed and well-bred gentleman who, fortunately for both countries, has during the last four years represented the Republic here. We must also do Secretary Seward the justice of saying, that his dispatches, though written suddenly, with an eye to the impression they were calculated to make at Washington and New-York, have seldom contained any expression with reference to the policy of this country which the American people have not adopted or explained away. We do not believe that either the one or the other would willingly or advisedly lend himself to a policy provocative of dangerous misunderstanding between the two nations, and we are quite sure that Mr. Lincoln would not have done so. It is enough, therefore, to be assured that since the accession to power of his successor no change whatever has taken place in the tendency or temper of international intercourse."

The foregoing are the only American topics we talk about. I turn, therefore, to English ones proper.

And first about the impending general election. The harvest and Parliament are running a race together, so to which will first get ripe for the sickle—a comparison still appropriate in this country. It is admitted by everybody that the contest must not, if possible,

take place while the crops are being got in, and the general expectation is that Parliament will be dissolved before the next few weeks are over. The unusual heat, however, of the weather, the forwardness of the crops, and the rapidity with which the wheat is ripening, have created a doubt whether it will be possible to finish the business of the session in time to hold the elections before the Autumn. Probably no definite decision has yet been arrived at on the subject. The conditions of the physical and political atmosphere are both so variable, so incapable of calculation, that one doubts whether any arrangement based on the continuance of fine weather and the still more hypothetical self-denial of parliamentary orators, can be regarded as final. Still the mere fact that the general election is expected to take place next month is very likely to insure its occurrence. The inconvenience of a protracted contest are so manifold and serious, to constituents as well as candidates, that any adjournment of the dissolution till after the harvest would be very generally unpopular. In the course of July, therefore, we may expect in all likelihood to have the elections upon us. Charles the Second apologized to his courtiers for being "an unconscionable time in dying," and England, generally, expects the present Parliament to "cut it short."

There is naturally a good deal of interest and excitement. The Coddies and Doodles are throwing themselves on the country, "generally in the shape of money and beer." Brass bands are looking up and anticipating a pecuniary harvest. Committees for "the gentlemanly and other interests" sit perpetually at taverns. The papers teem with editorials on the present and future Parliaments. "Men who are anxious about their seats are writing to their constituents, or are subscribing at missionary meetings, or are gone down to lecturing at stables, and that sort of thing," as F. R. says, and Sir Barnes Newcome will discourse on the Poetry of Childhood, Womanhood and the Affections, for the benefit of the Newcome Orphan Children's Home and the Newcome Soup Association, without distinction of denomination. And beneath it all there is a very earnest desire for reform and progress, and a disposition to apply very critical tests to most candidates who shall present themselves for the suffrages of the community.

As an instance of how much reform is needed, and of how much sheer barbarism exists in this England of the 19th century, let me return to a subject of which I have spoken heretofore, the condition of the rustic poor in England. Apropos of the "Union Chargeability Bill," the one valuable measure of the session, which aroused so much hostility on the part of the Tory squires, there has been published a closely-printed pamphlet of 200 pages by a Dr. Hunter, cast among an elaborate and faithful report upon agricultural homes, from which I take the following editorial condensation by *The Telegraph*, to which paper and report is mainly due the foregoing success of the bill. All comment would be as impertinent as superfluous:

It embraces an examination of 5,575 rural homes of all sorts, and describes the manner of life of nearly 30,000 among the laboring population. And first for the state of the houses, which are filthy and damp, and in which the close parish system has driven the humble poor of England. Lord Leicester was compelled once upon the completion of Holkham, to say, "I am a tenant of the soil, and I am a slave to my neighbors." "Who is my neighbor?" he has answered, "Where is he?" is the question asked by this bill. He is, replies Dr. Hunter, huddled into hovels in open spaces, on the outskirts of rural towns, or in the midst of the open country, where the soil is yellow and green fields and flocks on the roofs and walls, but ugly to investigate. Wells and closets side by side, stinking puddles at the threshold, and sudden fire, broad daylight, and down upon us all my neighbors. "Who is my neighbor?" he has answered, "Where is he?" is the question asked by this bill. 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